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Song of the Lonely Nymph

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Trista was furious for she could not stand him, yet he was coming here. Here in her chambers! Her inviolable chambers where no man had, or, she had hoped, would enter. She tightened her braids in anger and fastened smoky pearls on each one to help control her fingers and burning emotions. She stared at the garnets she wore, a reminder of her power, and steeled herself for the coming ordeal. Her blue-green eyes flashed in rage. As the door opened, she stiffened at its sound.

The man entered. His haunting blue eyes searched the room. Trista stared and felt her control slipping. Calmly as she could, she slipped the blue cape from her shoulders and tossed it into his face in rage and defiance. Myrddin gestured, his fire opal blazed, and the cape arched upward. It fell to the floor and crumbled into ashes. Then he looked upon her and began to speak, soft and low.

"I perceive that you treat your capes as you treat the lives of the men who serve you in their love."



"They are mine to do as I please with."

"He is my brother."

"And you are my subject."

"To do as you please with?"

"To do as I please with."

A soft chuckle rose from his throat, coloring his lips a deep crimson. "Nay, my mistress. Serve you I shall not." He stepped back and uttered forth syllables of a language which no man can discover. She stood defiantly, expecting some wondrous spell, and smoothing her hair. As she reached for another braid, it turned scaly, then a hissing sound escaped from the braid and filled the room. A shriek escaped from her lips as the cords of her hair tightened. And a reptilian smell filled the chamber. He chuckled quietly and turned the braids back to their original form, then smiled. "These are your subjects." He turned swiftly and left the chamber, chuckling as he went.

SONG OF THE LONELY NYMPH

"O Dreamer!" cried the dryad.
 "O I await thee here,
 Deep asleep and dying,
 I await thee in my virgin solitude,
 To cloak thee in my long green hair,
 All dark with leaves,
 My soft brown bosom
 All dark with earth.
 O Dreamer! I am dying!
 Awaken me with kisses
 From thy mythic lips,
 Cover me with kisses
 From thy trembling mouth,
 Thy tongue that utters
 The ancient paeans of Earth!
 Revive me with thy reveries,
 O come to me, my lonely dreamer,
 Cover me with fabled kisses
 Only the antique satyrs before
 Have rained upon me,
 Caresses only youthful fauns with
 Ivory thighs could bestow!
 Whose scarlet love alone could ever sate me!
 O dreamer,
 The soul of my tree and my life
 Are too deeply adrowse
 With aeons of emptiness!
 O I await thee here in dormant state,
 My long green hair all dark with leaves,
 Brown thighs all dark with unctuous earth,
 My brown soft bosom,
 My grieving breast,
 All dark with the dying earth."

by Sutton Breiding

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